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Bell's Edition. 26

HENRY VI.

PART I.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

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M D C C L X X X V I.

Small's Catalogue

26

NEW YORK

PART I.

U. S.

WILL. SHAKSPERE

Printed Complete from the Text of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEVENS

And revised from the last Edition

It is a pleasure to the Editor to have been
enabled to publish this edition of the
works of the great English Poet, in a
more complete and accurate form than
any former edition. The text is now
entirely new, and has been carefully
revised by the Editor, who has also
added many new notes and references.
The edition is now ready for sale.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON

LONDON

Printed for, and sold by, the Author,

John Hall, Stationer, Strand, London.

And also to the Booksellers, in every part of the Kingdom.

1795

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE

FIRST PART OF

HENRY VI.

THE historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemniz'd eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably

betray the workmanship of Shakspeare ; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage ; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaical, than in the generality of his genuine compositions.

THEOBALD.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers at that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events ; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts :

*Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England bleed
Which oft our stage hath shewn.*

France is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written we know not, but

it

it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first part: the first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shewn on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher.

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Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Sixth.
Duke of GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, and great Uncle*
Duke of EXETER. [to the King.
Duke of SOMERSET.
Earl of WARWICK.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl of SUFFOLK.
Lord TALBOT.
Young TALBOT, *his Son.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *afterwards Duke of York.*
MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Lord Mayor of London. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE. Sir
WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY.
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of ALENÇON.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, *Boy, his Son.*
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

WOMEN.

MARGARET, *Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen*
to King Henry.
Countess of AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called, JOAN OF ARC; a*
Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up
for the Championess of France.
Fiends, attending her.
Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Atten-
dants both on the English and French.
The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.



FIRST PART OF
HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey. Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of BEDFORD, Regent of France; the Duke of GLOSTER, Protector; the Duke of EXETER, and the Earl of WARWICK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and the Duke of SOMERSET, &c.

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command :
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ; 11
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech ;
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black ; Why mourn we not in
 blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?

Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. 30
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church ! where is it ? Had not church-
 men pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may. 40

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—

Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50

And none but women left to wail the dead.—

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!

A far more glorious star thy soul will make,

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright———

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60

Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

B

Bed.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men, and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered—

70

That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Crop'd are the fleur-de-luces in your arms;

80

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

1 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
chance.

France is revolted from the English quite ; 90

Except some petty towns of no import :

The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;

The duke of Alençon fieth to his side. [Exit.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats :—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-
ness ? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords—to add to your la-
ments,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse—

I must inform you of a dismal fight,

Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What ! wherein Talbot overcame ? is't so ?

3 *Mess.* O, no ; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-
thrown :

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon :
No leisure had he to enrank his men ;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued ; 120
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew :
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward :
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140
Bed.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor; 171
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before Orleans in France. Enter Charles, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, marching with a Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known :
Late, did he shine upon the English side ; 180
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have ?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans ;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; Why live we idly here?
Talbot

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear : 191
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound, alarum ; we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*
[Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English,
with great Loss.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?—
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies. 201

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hunger prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses, 210
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-
brain'd slaves,

And

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do. 220
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have news
for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd ;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, 230
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in : But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern ;—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. 240

Enter

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous
feats ? 241

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me ?—

Where is the dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart ;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. 250

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity :
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ; 260
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :

My

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make— 271
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine fleur-de-luces on each side;
 The which, at Touraine in saint Katharine's church-
 yard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o'God's name, I fear no woman.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man. 280

[Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.]

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
 weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
 me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant, and not sovereign be;
 'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love, 290
 For my profession's sacred from above:

When

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her
smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do
know :

299

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight 'till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death, the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

310

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?

Thom

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee. 320
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about
it:—

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Tower-Gates, in London. Enter GLOSTER, with his
Serving-Men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here? 330
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperi-
ously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo.

Glo. Who willed you ? or whose will stands, but mine ?

There's none protector of the realm, but I—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize : 340
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms ?

*GLOSTER'S Men rush at the Tower-Gates, and WOOD-
VILE, the Lieutenant, speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this ? what traitors have we here ?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear ?
Open the gates ; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke ; I may not open ;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids :
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me ?
Arrogant Winchester ? that haughty prelate, 350
Whom Henry, our late sovereign ne'er could brook ?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king :
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector ;
We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector, at the Tower-Gates, WINCHESTER,
and his Men in tawny Coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey ? What means this ?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out ?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator ; 360
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord ;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin :
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a
foot ;

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place. 370

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware thy beard ;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose ! I cry — A rope ! a
rope !— 380

Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array ;—
Out, tawny coats ! out, scarlet hypocrite !

Here

Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the Hurly-Burly, the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; for thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace, 390
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst. 399

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day,
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not wear, handle, or use, any sword,

sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet ; to thy cost, be thou
sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil. 411

Glo. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will de-
part.—

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Orleans in France. Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans,
and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-
sieg'd ;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know : and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim. 421

M. Gun.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by
me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do, to procure me grace.
The prince's spials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Went, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city :
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault. 430
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordinance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them : Now, boy, do thou watch ;
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT, with Sir
W. GLANSDALE and Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE,
on the Turrets.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd ! 440
How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd ?
Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top,

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles ;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans :
Here through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions. 481
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate : for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY and Sir THO.
GARGRAVE fall down.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched finners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ; 490
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off !—
Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars :
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Exit TALBOT.

[Alarum, retreat, flourish.

SCENE VI.

*Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, Dauphin, REIGNIER,
ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word. 570

Dau. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets, 580

To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau.

That we do make our entrance several ways ;
 That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
 The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
 grave.—

Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
 Of English Henry, shall this night appear
 How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the Walls, cry, St. George !
 A Talbot !*]

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make
 assault !

40

*The French leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter se-
 veral Ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half
 ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all unready so ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our
 beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
 Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
 More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel, how he
 sped.

50

Enter

And now there rests no other shift but this—
 To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
 And lay new platforms to endamage them. 80

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!
they fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
 The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
 For I have loaden me with many spoils,
 Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BUR-
GUNDY, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
 Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
 Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
 And here advance it in the market-place,
 The middle centre of this cursed town.— 90
 Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
 For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
 There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
 And, that hereafter ages may behold
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
 Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
 A tomb,

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
 pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, 240
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
 I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
 But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
 The truth appears so naked on my side,
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd, 250
 So clear, so shining, and so evident,
 That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to
 speak,
 In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
 Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
 And stands upon the honour of his birth,
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
 But dare maintain the party of the truth, 260
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
 Of base insinuating flattery,
 I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
 And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen ; and pluck no more,

'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion. 270

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected ;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, 280
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on : Who else ?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you ;
[To SOMERSET.

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.

Plant. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ; 290

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear ; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood. 300

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plant. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him
and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole !

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him. 310

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England ;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my
words

On any plot of ground in Christendom :

E

Was

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
 For treason executed in our late king's days? 320
 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
 And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
 Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
 I'll note you in my book of memory, 330
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
 And know us, by these colours for thy foes;
 For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree. 340

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewel, ambitious Richard. [Exit.]

Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
 Shall

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
 And, if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee, 350
 Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon the party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy—This brawl to-day
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple-Garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I. 360

Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A Room in the Tower. Enter MORTIMER, brought in a
 Chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
 Even like a man new-haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop ;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :

Why look you still so stern, and tragical ? 130

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king ! — the bishop hath a kindly
gird. —

For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent ;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give. 140

Glo. Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart. —
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers :
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not !

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract ! —

Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done. 150

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

And rise created princely duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall ;
And as my duty springs, so perish they 181

That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York !

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !

[*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;
And it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, king Henry
goes ; 190
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame :
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed. 200
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Roan in France. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised,
and Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs, like Country-
men.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach :—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words ; 210
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as, I hope, we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

Watch. *Qui va là ?* 220

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. [Exeunt.

Enter

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, 340
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan ;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court :
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die ;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. The Plain near the City. Enter the Dauphin,
Bastard, ALENÇON, and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered :
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, 350
And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ; 360
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces. 369

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*Here beat an English March.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

[*French March.*

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him. 380

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am march-
ing hence.

Dau.

And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue, 321
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.

Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default. 330

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him
 aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the
 horse :

I owe him little duty, and less love;
 And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
 France,

Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
 Never to England shall he bear his life; 340
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
 straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain :

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon. 401
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemm'd about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers,
fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice, my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
'Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate, 411
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age
Quicken'd

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife; 229

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom!

Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms. 240

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry, is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf.

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis
not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify 360
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this
man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth. 370

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

I am with child, ye bloody homicides : 410
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend ! the holy maid with
child ?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought :
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling :
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards live ;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love. 421

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not
well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free. 430

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave
my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you ; 'till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell ! 441

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, &c.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And see at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect ? 450
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France. 460

War. Be patient, York ; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, and REIGNIER.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies. 470

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown :
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity. 480

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself ?
Adorn his temples with a coronet ;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative, 490
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?

No,

No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league ;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king, 500
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My, lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavil in the course of this contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility : 510
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our condi-
tion stand ?

Char. It shall :
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England, 510
Thou

Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES, and the rest give Tokens of Fealty.

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ; 521

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,

For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

England. A Room in the Palace. Enter SUFFOLK, in Conference with King HENRY ; GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts

Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;

So am I driven, by breath of her renown, 530

Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord ! this superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise :

The chief perfections of that lovely dame

(Had I sufficient skill to utter them),

Would make a volume of enticing lines,

Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,

So full replete with choice of all delights, 540

But, with as humble lowliness of mind,

She is content to be at your command ;

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

To

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Henry VI. Part I

London 1786

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